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THE
Apostate Prince :
OR,
A SATYR

Against the
present
King of Poland.
very severe on him.

By Richard Burridge.

LONDON Printed, and are to be Sold by
most Bookfellers. 1700. 19. July.

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Apollare Prince:

O R

A S A T Y R

Against the

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THE
Apostate Prince:

O R,

A Satyr

KING of POLAND

NOW, like a Porcupine, I dart my Pen
Against the least of Kings, and worst of Men,
What Sat'rist can forbear the lashing you,
Who neither will to Man nor Heav'n be
Who ran from Saxony to cruel Rome (true?)
Only the Throne of Poland to assume,
That ticklish Seat of Empire; which allows
None there to Rule, but what will pay their Vows
To such like Saints, which commonly depart
The World upon a Ladder, or a Cart.

File

Fic, fie, a Christian Prince his God betray !
 Change his Religion, the Apostate play,
 For such a Diadem which must not be
 Entail'd upon your Line successively ?
 The *Jews*, the *Turks*, who falsely do believe,
 Do Laugh to see your Faith pierc'd on your Sleeve ;
 And I do fear, you will, as Pride does Swell,
 Turn *Atheist* next, to be a King in Hell.

Scandal to Princes, scorn of Kings, and shame
 To *Christendom*, infernal is thy Fame !
 A Prince affront his God with Deeds so foul
 That they stain Heaven, and deform the Soul !
 O horror, and amaze ! what hast thou done ?
 My Blood congeals, and scarce has pow'r to run,
 To think thou art to Pride, that base born Slave
 Of Hell, so much a Friend, that you can leave
 A Church so well Reform'd so True, Sincere,
 Pure, Orthodox, and Holy, to adhere
 To that Communion which does Canonize
 Men for nefarious Impieties ;
 To make their Peace with God, invoke the Dead
Stanislaus of Polish Saints the head :
 But good St. † *Flacianus*, I do suppose,
 You call on most, that he may guard your Nose
 From those Disasters which attend the sport
 Of *Venus*, in a lustful Prince's Court.

† There are many Saints whose Aid and Assistance they Implore in
 particular Diseases, and Distempers of Body, as St. *Venerius* for the
 Green-sickness, St. *Liberius* for the Fistula, St. *Flacianus* for the
 French-Pox, &c. See Stopford's *Pagan-Papismus*, Chap. 4.

Into what Errors are the *Papists* led !
 To think their Jugglers do release the Dead
 From *Purgatory* ; it's a feigned Flame,
 Which doth such simple Fools as you are Tame :
 As under ev'ry *Poplar*, *Elm*, and *Oak*,
 The *Ethnicks* did their senseless Stocks Invoke ;
 So they to Images, and † Pictures bow,
 As if they Sense had got their Zeal to know.
 Your *Priests* drink Wine, give *Laymen* only Meat ;
 O *Romish* Faith ! it's but a holy Cheat.
 Pray, what avails || Wax-hands, Indulgences,
 Censers, Odd-numbers (damned Fopperies !)
 To'ards Heaven ? Or, what Grace doth Flagelling,
 Crossing with Holy-water, to you bring ?
 None : Nor does *Agnus Dei's*, Sir, preserve
 You from Enchantments ; from the Truth you swerve.
 Your Beads will serve you, as a Scale, to tell
 How many Miles it's from *Warsaw*, to *Hell*.

Apostles Christen'd Men, as Scripture tells,
 But *Rome*, as well as Men, do Christen Bells :
 If Pilgrimaging merits Heaven, take
 A Trip to *England*, for the Blessing sake.

† At *Fouchial* in *Madera*, I have seen the Picture of our Saviour
 carrying his Cross, painted on the outside of one of their Churches ; to
 which the *Portugueze* paid so much Veneration, that they knelt in
 the open Street, and sang before it for near a quarter of an Hour : O su-
 perstition exceeding the Heathen !
 || *Scopford* again tells us in these words, cap. 17. In some Churches the
 Candles are put out with a Wax hand, which signifies the hand of *Judas* ;
 which was as it were of Wax ; that is, flexible to evil, by which Christ
 our King, and true Light, was Betrayed, and, as much as in him lay,
 Extinguished.

Here may you see fair *Winifria's* strange Well ;
 And old *St. German's*, where he once did dwell ;
 At *Canterbury* base *St. Becker's* Shrine,
 For the deserved end of which Divine,
 A King was Flaug'd ; here may you likewise see
Tyburn, that triple, consecrated Tree ;
 From whence, *St. Coleman*, *Whitebread*, *Pickering*,
 And *Langhorn*, went to Heaven in a String,
 Since for a better, we our King did change,
 A Chappel has been (you will think it strange,
 'Cause not *Loretto's*) brought from *Hausloe-beath*,
 Eleven Miles, it's true, upon my Faith.
 But if strange Reliques you've a mind to see,
 You must traipse *France*, proud *Spain*, and *Italy*,
 And other foreign Parts ; though once we'd here
 A Nail, which fix'd Christ to the Cross ; a Spear,
 With which *Longinus* pierc'd our Saviour's Side,
 When he between Two Malefactors Dy'd.

The Lustful Flames of Whoring *Carmelites*,
 Proud *Cardinals*, Rich *Abbots*, *Lazarites*,
 May make you dread those endless pains of Fire,
 They represent by lecherous Desire ;
 To prompt their Fury of debauched Heat,
 They need not † *Compostella* *Scallops* eat ;
 Their Heat without 'em Swells their burning Veins,
 And, where their Host is consecrated, Reigns.

† He tells us from another Author, cap. 18. Many lecherous Men
 and Women resort to *Compostella*, to eat *Scallops* for the kindling of Lust,
 and encrease of Nature, under the name of a Pilgrimage to *St. James*
 his Shrine.

The *Nunneries*, where Parents Daughters thrust,
 And Maiden-heads are sacrific'd to Lust;
 They're to your *Clergy*, dedicated *Stew*,
 There handsome Paramours they pick, and choose;
 What need Maids to be Whores range *Christendom*,
 When they may be as well Debauch'd at home
 For nothing; without acting that damn'd Crime
 Of sending || *Babes* to Hell, *Rome's* nat'ral Clime?
 Was Blood upon each murdering *Wan* to fly,
 As Judgments to detect Barbarity;
 They could not then about their Gardens tread,
 But Vengeance would spurt from the private Dead
 In reaking Wrath of stifled Infants, Blood,
 To drown their Parents in a crimson Flood:

Perhaps the *Pope's* Infallibility
 Makes you to be in love with *Papistry*;
 But, knew you all that Hist'ries of 'em tell,
 You would not run so fast with them to Hell;
 The Lives of *John* the Thirteenth, *Hildebrand*,
 And others, put the Devils to a stand,
 For fear their Pride, and grand Impiety,
 Should claim o'er Spirits, a Supremacy:
 Such as will take from Emperors their Right,
 For that Prerogative in Hell will Fight.

But, hark you me: Another Trick they do,
 They Make their God, and then they Eat him too:

|| H. T. in his *Abridgement of Christian Doctrines*, being one of your
 own Writers, that unbaptized Children dying, go to the uttermost part
 of Hell, where they endure the sense of Loss, though not of Pain; and are
 ever excluded from the Face of God:

If Rats, or Mice, should chew this holy Meat,
 The Creature then does the Creator Eat;
 This Metamorphosis is very odd,
 Lo, Bread's made Flesh; a Priest can make his God;
 That Wine they can so soon to Blood convert,
 Surely it must be done by Magick Art!
 What Prodigies of Sin! --- These Poys'ners shun,
 And, to the healing Balm of *Luther* run;
 Leave *Poland*, and then let the Dyet choose
 One purposely bred up his Soul to lose.

Although by Bell, by Book, and Candle, they
 Will curse you, if you'll not their Church obey;
 Laugh at their slight *Anathema's*, and hate
 The *Pope*, whom God does Excommunicate.

Like our first Martyrs (with immortal Praise
 May it be spoken) in *Marian* days,
 None of our Pastors of the Church of *Rome*,
 Walking with Crooks, and Mitres, durst presume
 To hazard the Salvation of their Souls
 On spurious Faith; the fear of Death controuls
 Their foolish Doctrine; tells 'em, if they die,
 They die great Villains to assert a Lie.

Base Profligate, your Honour Heraldry
 May justly paint with black Iniquity;
 Yet other Colours may, as Emblems, shew
 That many Qualities belong to you.
 Gules in the first place may adorn your Arms,
 To shew, a bloody Faith your Conscience charms.

Next

Next Or, to shew you're Impudent and Bold,
 Your Heav'n to hazard for a Crown of Gold ;
 Then *Vert*, to signify, at any time,
 Your mind is Fresh, and Brisk, to act a Crime
 For Interest ; the *Blazon*, let it be,
 Set out with all the marks of Infamy ;
 Two *Jesuits*, the Supporters ; on each Hand,
 The Motto, *God and Justice I withstand*.

Anouze, ye drouzy Imps, and do not Sleep ;
 For, if a Register of time you keep
 In Hell, now change the *Epochs*, and Year,
 A New-Style make, as well as *Papists* here ;
 And when *Old-Nick* does find such silly Fools,
 Who will for Wealth, or Honour sell their Souls,
 Much after this same form And manner, let
 The *Bond* be Sign'd ; and hereunto I set
 My Hand and Seal, the first of *Jane, N. S.*
 In the third Year, since *Fredrick's* Wickedness
 Revolted from a true Belief, which made
 Infernal Markets have but little Trade.

Though Hell's Applause you have, yet, when you Die,
Satan will have a very careful Eye
 Over your most perfidious Soul, for fear
 Your growing Pride should snatch at Empire there,
 He knows, with Oathes, you'd make the Damn'd believe
 Strange Matters, and the Wits of Hell deceive,
 With sugar'd Words, till your usurping Pride
 Had got the Brimstone Forces on your Side ;
 Then ev'ry Day you'd lessen more and more
 His Strength, as you had *Com's* heretofore.

I am afraid in your dull frigid Clime,
 There is approaching a distracted Time,
 Wherein the Wrath of Heav'n will soon Rejoyce,
 To plague you for the Crown, the People's Choice.
 But what care you, brave *Champion* for the *Pope*,
 Who dreads no Vengeance, nor for Bliss doth hope ?
 For one short Moment of Regalian Sway,
 High Heav'n you would, though damn'd for't, Disobey.

Were you by th' *Turks* Besieg'd, too hardly prest,
 For Liberty, or for a Crown at least,
 You'd Swear, till Oathes from Hell, did Devils draw,
 The *Alcoran* were truer than the *Law* :
 To *Moses* you'd prefer his *Mahomet* ;
 (Who, in his pendant Tomb, at *Macha*, yet
 Deceives the blinded *Turks*) Swear him alone,
 Greater than the World's *Saviour* on his Throne :
 Swear that the *Musselman's* true Sanctity,
 The unbelieving Christian does Outvy :
 A Thousand other Falshoods Swear too, which
 Shall raise your Fame in Hell t'a higher Pitch
 Than tott'ring *Poland's* Throne ; whose Steps ascend
 To Ruine faithless Princes in the End.

Perhaps, now Crown'd, you think, your Greatness can
 Protect you from the common Lot of Man ;
 Tho' Kings are stiled Gods, yet must they Die,
 Their Scepters, Riches, Crowns, nor Dignity,
 Cann't save them from the Power of that Fate,
 Which will not grant to Life a longer Date :
 Nay, had you all Endowments, which adorn
 The Mind, or Body, Death such Gifts will Scorn :

The

The Beauty of Young *Abfalom* ; or Age
 Of *Lamech's* Son ; the Policy of Sage
Acliphel, nor Height of *Saul* ; the Son
 Of *Kifb*, the Wisdom of King *Salomon* ;
 Or matchless Strength of *Samfon*, could not be
 Defence enough againft Mortality.

I'm apt to think thou'rt wicked *Jullian's* Ghost,
 Who, in the middle of a num'rous Host,
 Smitten by God, flung up, towards the Sky,
 Handfuls of Blood, to fhew he did Defie

The force of Heaven, to the left ; But now,
 Some hurly burly-being rais'd below,
 Among the Damned, you have ftol'n away
 From thofe dark Shades, into the Beams of Day :
 If Man, you muft defcend of that Fell Wretch,
 A Monfter whilst on Earth, who was no Sketch,
 But perfect Picture of as horrid Crimes,
 You count the Glory of the Prefent Times ;
 Who would, when dreadful Thunder-claps broke through
 The Mounts of Heaven, and swift Lightning flew
 About the limpid Air, in proud Difdain,
 Throw counterfeit Thunder back again,
 To make Refemblance that his Majesty,
 Was equal to the Powers of the Sky.
 That you might fee your Errors all, and fear
 The Scurge of God, I wifh, there might appear
 Comets, extending frightful, blazing Tails,
 A Navy which through Clouds of Fire Sails ;
 Warr'ours in a confufed Enmity,
 With stranger Apparitions in the Sky,

Which

Which might portend some heavy Punishment
 Was due to you, unless you do Repent :
 But, ah ! I dread, thou'rt too much harden'd in
 The Love of Monarchy, thy darling Sin ;
 Good Counsel you will spurn against, and count
 Them all as Foes, who'd have you to dismount
 Your Iv'ry Throne ; a Bliss, you think, so good,
 That God in Competition with you stood
 About it, if he should Displeasure shew,
 By dire Signs, which from his Anger flew,

Who would, besides your self, have all this Shame,
 Only to be a gawdy Thing in Name ?
 Power you've none ; for the Republick Rules
 As it thinks fit ; Crowns are but lent by Poles :
 Your Queen durst not be there, unless, like you,
 She'll head-long damn her Soul, and Body too :
 Because a Gentleman, they let you wear
 A Sword, but of your drawing it take care ;
 For, if you offer there to be Uncivil,
 They'll drive you, and your Saxons to the Devil,
 Such is your high Ambition, (which would reign,
 By grand Rebellion, over Angels Reign)
 That Laws of Nations, Bonds, and solemn Leagues,
 No Influence have on you, your dark Intrigues
 With Hell, in whole behalf you draw your Sword,
 Make you, with Kings and Princes, break your Word
 Your Pride, with which you meet your Glory, can
 Deceitful be to God, as well as Man.

Does *Hell*, and *Rome*, already stir you up
 To fill the ever-thirsting *Harlot's* Cup ?

With

With Blood of Innocence, without a Cause,
 Damn'd, and be double damn'd your bloody Laws,
 Must *Lifeland* now be Plunder'd, Ravaged,
 Made a Sepulchre for the Massacred?

The Streams of sweet *Duina* be Intwin'd
 With *Romish* Rage, and under Blood Confin'd:
 It's hard, but *Riga* will, (I do not doubt)
 For *Sweden's* Honour, hold your Fury out!

If you Dominion over them should have,
 Rogues sent to *Gallies*, or an *Algier* Slave,
 Would have less Bondage; so they'll Freedom choose,
 Rather than, like the *Frensh*, wear Wooden Shoes.
 As a *Bassaw*, when some Deaf Mute doth blow
 The Fatal Trumpet at his Door, and shew
 The *Sultan's* Ribbon'd Orders, for his Head,
 Trembles, wax Pale, and, with the Fright, half Dead,
 Resigns his Life, Resistance being vain,
 Against the force of a *Despotick* Reign;
 So to great Taxes, must the *Swedes* then bow;
 And not presume to ask, why it is so;
Sic volo, & sic jubeo compels,
 When Vassals, to obey against their Wills;
 Nay, more than this, your Rage will Violate
 Those Holy Altars, which they Consecrate
 Unto a Sacred Deity, that's true,
 And not to Saints, their Fathers never knew.

Have we, like They, a ten Years War maintain'd
 With *France*, till we that Throne had almost drain'd
 Of all it's Wealth, for weeping *Europe's* Good,
 Made *Flanders* Drunk, and Reel with Humane Blood!

At *Ryfwick* made an Honourable Peace ;
 And, shall not Wars yet in her Bowels cease ?
 To please the Humour of your hellish Reign,
Jannus must open all his Gates again.

Is this the Thanks which *Cæsar* has, to bring
 To all the Universe Peace-Offering ?
 Has he, for this, so often cross'd the Main,
 (Where *Neptune* Homage paid, and all his Train)
 To Face the *French*, and make the *Eagle* fly,
 With *Olive*, from the Crescent Enemy ;
 Ventur'd his Life for all, without Excuse ;
 Fierce *Ireland* in Person did Reduce ;
 Where that Attempt, performed at the *Boyn*,
 To everlasting Story Fame will joyn :
 There in the great Exploit, a Random Shot,
 (Which had it's dying Orders near forgot,)
 Did Wound the King, but God the Fate withstood,
 It being not design'd for Royal Blood :
 Vertue and Fortune seemed to contend,
 Which of the two should be his greatest Friend ;
 Angels, amaz'd to see him Baffle Fate,
 With Crowns of Lawrel did upon him wait ,
 To all his Foes, his Presence (like the Soyl,
 Which Poys'nous Insects Kills) was Killing ; while
 The *Hero* rush'd through Blood, and Smoke, to Fight,
 The Unsuccessful *James* did take a Flight,
 To tell the News to Him, which doth supply
 His wants, more for the Queen's Dexterity
 In Bed, than out of Pity to the Fate,
 Which has reduc'd him to so mean a State.

Now

Now think but what our KING has undergone,
 That *Europe* might not be by *France* undone ;
 How He has broke her Chains of Misery,
 To set her free, for all Eternity ;
 Then Thoughts would quickly to your Conscience tell,
 To break her Peace deserves the Pains of Hell,
 Without a Cause to Gore thy Neighbour's Prince !
 All Kings should joyn to punish the Offence.

Deserter of the Faith, what hast thou done ?
 False *Judas*, cruel *Herod*, *Cain*, or none,
 Who are tormented in the Flames of Hell,
 Did, when they liv'd on Earth, so much Rebel
 Against their God as you ; *Cain* strove to Please
 Him, but in vain ; a horrid Dread did sieze
 The Soul of *Judas*, he was sore Dismay'd,
 That he (like you) his Master had Betray'd ;
 And, as for cursed *Herod's* Cruelty,
 Fear prompt him to secure his Regency :
 Thus Murd'ers of a Brother, and the Lord
 Of Life, young Infants, wicked Crimes abhor'd
 (Yea, one especially) by all the World,
 I can excuse, but on you must be hurl'd
 My Wrath, O wicked Runagate, reflect
 Upon a future State, do not neglect
 That great Concern, return to *Saxony*,
 And, laying Crowns aside, to Heaven cry,
 To make you but the least amongst the Bless'd,
 Which lean their Heads on faithful *Abra'm's* Breast ;
 But, hold ! bid I a *Pilate* to Repent,
 It is as strange as Flesh to *Rome* in Lent ;

For,

For; now you have an earthly Crown, you flight

Your way to God, in hopes a hallow'd Light

Will guide your Steps to Heaven, when you Die,

So, this I Note on your Impiety,

Non-Recantation to the World doth tell,

Your Coronation will be next in Hell.

The Plagues which God and Man can heap on you,

Are but, base Ruler, thy deserved due :

Were there but such an one as *Ravillac*

(That would but Laugh at Tortures on the Rack,

So he could wash his Hands in Royal Gore)

To Stab you, *Europe* would the Fact adore :

That ev'ry Deed of Murder would prefer

His Noble Soul, to be a Shining Star

Of Heaven; Heaven would the Murd'rer Greet,

Nay, come Half-way, the *Regicide* to meet.

F I N I S

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